

# Two Fleets, an Army, a Province and the Second City in Cuba Gone—What More Does Spain Want?



## A TRIUMPH THAT IS MORE THAN VICTORY.

We are beginning to gather the fruits of our victories. Hitherto we have been destroying fleets and smashing fortifications; now we are taking possession of cities and provinces.

The fall of Santiago means more to Spain than a mere defeat. It is a formal acknowledgment that the forces of the American Republic are as invincible on land as they have proved themselves at sea.

The surrender of a whole army is always a more momentous event than a victory in battle. The capitulation of Burgoyne gave us the French alliance; that of Cornwallis ended the Revolution; Mack's surrender at Ulm destroyed the military power of Austria; Gorgey's broke the back of the Hungarian revolution; Lee's and Johnston's ended our civil war; that of Napoleon III. at Sedan sealed Germany's triumph over France and destroyed the empire of the Bonapartes. In yielding himself, his army and Eastern Cuba to the United States, Tiral has advertised to the world that Spain is hopelessly beaten, and has made further persistence in the war on her part a blunder and a crime.

The agreement to transport the Spanish forces to Spain is equally magnanimous and politic. It is not always true that in war what is good for one side is bad for the other. In this case the retention of Tiral's forces as prisoners in the United States would be inconvenient to us and distressing to Spain. In a military sense we lose nothing and Spain gains nothing by allowing them to go home, while the comfort of each side is promoted by the step.

Meanwhile the war must be pushed more vigorously than ever. We have struck Spain two staggering blows within the past two weeks. The way to secure a satisfactory peace is not to stop and ask the enemy if he does not think he has had enough, but to keep on assailing him, until, like the sailors of Cervera's ships, he is "smothered by our fire" and driven gasping from his guns. Let Porto Rico, Manila and Cadiz feel our onset before Spain has a chance to recover breath after the Santiago disaster, and let the talk of peace come from the beaten and humbled adversary. We trust it may come quickly, but it is not our place to propose it.

The American flag floats over the spot where twenty-five years ago it could not protect American citizens from butchery. The Virginus is avenged, and another expiatory sacrifice has been laid on the tomb of the Maine.

### THE BATTERED HULK OF SPAIN.

Blow follows blow upon the battered hulk whose name is Spain. Manila, Montojo, Cervera and now Santiago. Next Porto Rico, and Watson's fleet off to strike the enemy at home.

And this battered, crumbling hulk still flies its war flag, and the commander maintains the tone proper to the captain of an uninjured battle ship, declaiming about what terms of surrender will and will not be accepted.

It would be heroic were it sane. More blows and still more blows, till the flag comes down and the commander, drubbed into reason, begs for mercy.

Peace shall be upon our terms. Spain has lost her power to enforce any demand, and with her power has gone her right to demand anything. The privilege of suing is all that is left to her.

### IS EMPEROR WILLIAM RESPONSIBLE?

If Emperor William is responsible for the behavior of his navy in Philippine waters Emperor William is a fool. If he is not responsible, then he will put an immediate stop to the folly of his officers, who are doing their best to foment a quarrel between Germany and the United States.

That interference of the Irene with the insurgents in Subig Bay, and her swift withdrawal when the American ships appeared prepared to shoot civility and sense into her, was a mindless piece of impertinence. The incident was closed satisfactorily, the German Admiral being made ridiculous and suffering the humiliation he had earned. But it will not be well to have a repetition of such an incident, nor a continuance of the general impoliteness shown toward Admiral Dewey by disregard for his harbor regulations. If the German Government were to be judged by Admiral Diederich's conduct we should have a right to infer that the Emperor was courting serious trouble.

The American people, however, prefer to believe that Spain has the only crazy Government extant.

### THIS IS NATIONAL WORK.

This country is big enough and rich enough to dig its own inter-oceanic canal and lay its own Hawaiian cable.

Corporations want to do the work, own the properties and make the profits, kindly allowing the Government to pay the bills.

The corporations are not to be blamed. Business is business, and when shrewd Americans see a chance to make money they can be depended on not to shrink from trying.

But why should the American people let the corporations overreach them? This is not a nation of simpletons.

The Nicaragua Canal and the Hawaiian cable must both be Government enterprises.

There is no need whatever for the services of a corporation in either case.

### REMARKABLE FINANCIERING BY BANKS.

The Times believes that the popular loan is a failure, and is glad of it. It says: It was the theory of the demagogues—and certain very ignorant and baneful newspapers in this city eagerly helped them in their labors—that the workingman who had put by a few hundred dollars would be quick to draw his money out of the savings bank where he was getting 4 per cent interest in order to invest it at 3 per cent in Government bonds. \* \* \*

The truth is, and the attempt was repeatedly made to get it into the thick heads of the demagogues, that the American wage earner is and always has been an investor in Government bonds. His investments are managed for him, without charge, by the trustees of his savings bank, and Government bonds have always been a favorite form of investment with them.

It appears, according to our financially learned contemporary, that savings banks make a practice of borrowing money from their depositors at 4 per cent and lending it to the Government at 3. Perhaps that explains why so many of them fail.

Now that war has splendidly cleared the way, let mercy follow. Let our first use of our Santiago victory be to pour in aid through the captured port for the starving human beings in its vicinity. Our own troops are suffering; let them be abundantly supplied, and let all the wretched people who have been so crushed by the miseries of war share in their plenty.

### TOO POOR FOR RAPID TRANSIT, BUT—

Six hundred thousand people use the elevated railroads every day, as many more patronize the Metropolitan cable lines, and hundreds of thousands of others ride on the cars of other companies. All of them suffer discomfort and inconvenience because the present lines are not able to accommodate their traffic. The construction of a municipal rapid transit system that would enable these hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers to go swiftly and comfortably to their homes would cost about \$35,000,000. The people have voted for such a system, but it has not been built, because the authorities say that the city is too poor, although the money would not be really spent, but invested in an income-paying property.

The government of this same city has spent \$8,000,000—nearly one-fourth the cost of a rapid transit system—on a speedway which will bring in no income, but, on the contrary, will be a constant source of expense, and it has reserved this road for the exclusive use of a few hundred millionaires, politicians and sports who drive trotting horses.

### CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

WHERE IS WEYLER? When is that invasion of Florida to come off?

POKER PLAYERS can't but respect Emperor William. His sitting into the game at Manila without invitation is a marvellous exhibition of bluffing nerve. Queen Lavinia Dempsey has as good a title to a seat at the table.

WHEN CERVERA ARRIVED at Santiago six weeks ago there was a banquet in his honor, and the Archbishop made a speech predicting not only victories over the loathsome Yankee foe but the early holding of the Spanish flag upon the Capitol at Washington. Which goes to show that even archbishops add to their stores of secular knowledge with the passage of time. His Grace of

Santiago, by Heaven's blessing, is doing as well as could be expected, and will doubtless survive the cross of living under the Stars and Stripes.

THE END IS NEAR. Spain is bleeding to death. On sea and land alike she suffers mortal wounds. What can she look for but more wounds? Soon her soldiers in Cuba will be demanding the right to surrender and save their uselessly imperilled lives.

A GENERAL ALARM will be turned in and the whole fire department of Havana ordered out to save Blanco from himself when the news of Tiral's surrender arrives. Commanders who go crazy and take shots at themselves every time they get an unpleasant telegram are eminently calculated to inspire their forces with courage and serenity.

WE ARE A KINDLY and humane nation and will take no cruel advantage of Spain in the hour of her downfall. Our course when that nation shall sue for peace may fairly be modelled after this method, prescribed by that shrewd philosopher Isaac Walton in the case of a frog:

Then use your frog; put your hook—I mean the arming wire—through his mouth and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, \* \* \* and in so doing use him as though you loved him.

We will use Spain as though we loved her—in honest Walton's style.

### COMPLIMENT FOR THE JOURNAL'S CUBAN CORRESPONDENCE.

It is really quite impossible to keep away from the subject of Mr. Hearst. He is so sudden, that young man—so unexpected. His latest feat is to give himself an assignment as war correspondent for the Journal, and it is characteristic of him that he has beaten all the other correspondents in the field, his own included.

This is quite remarkable for a man who has so many millions that they are not worth counting. A stranger who read Mr. Hearst's letters from the battlefield at Santiago would imagine that they were from the pen of a veteran war correspondent. They are alive with vigor, with color, with observation, with fact.

Having spent some hours under fire, watching artillery operations with an eye that misses nothing, the proprietor of the Journal—or the editor, as he prefers to call himself—joins in the capture of a Spanish fort, and finds a fellow correspondent of the Journal badly wounded, from whom he takes a dictated story of the infantry features of the assault, and sends it along, with his own story, to be printed in his paper.

Spanish Valor. "We prefer death to surrender!" exclaimed one Spanish official. "Of course we do," replied the other. "What we want to do is to impress the public with an idea that the more men we sacrifice the braver we are. We can die by proxy, but if we surrender we lose our situations."—Washington Star.

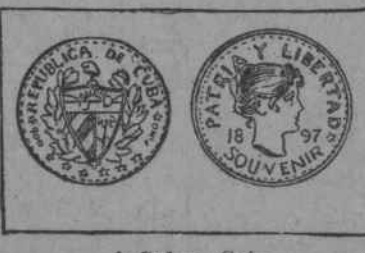
### MORE MONEY

For Poor

COL. THENUZ.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Here is a sample of our Cuban souvenir money, to be applied to the fund of our mythical enemy, "Col. Thenuz." It is a Cuban dollar, and, unlike the pilfering World, it stands for what is best in human nature—love of liberty, patriotism and the republican form of government. Poor "Col. Thenuz," what a pity he never existed to know how great a character he is!



A Cuban Coin.

## NEWS OF ONE DAY SEEN THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES.

James Brown Potter is trying to get a divorce from Mrs. James Brown Potter. If Mrs. Potter does not want him to have the divorce he will probably get it. If Mrs. Potter does want him to have the divorce the chances are that he will not get it. Such is the sweet reasonableness of the American divorce laws.

When a man wants to leave a wife who loves him and wants to live with him he can usually find some way of making the courts see things in the light of his reasoning.

When a woman wants to get away from a husband who still cares for her society it goes hard if she can not find some excuse which will get her a divorce somewhere in these United States.

But—let two people, worn out with the endless misery of hopeless disagreement, decide to end matters amicably with no bitterness of public dispute, all the courts of the land raise a horrified cry of "collusion," the wretched man and the miserable woman are tied together tighter than ever—and the eternal verities are safe!

The letters found in the Coney Island bath house mystery are meeting with much attention.

The young man in the case who wrote to the young woman in the case had a beautifully sentimental time bidding her good-by, in a letter which breathed the old, old story—of love and duty—poverty and honor—and all the rest of it we hear about in the "In the Gloaming" songs.

Young ladies who write to the evening papers about their "fellows," and young gentlemen who ask the public dispenser of "hints on etiquette" about the proper way to propose, are wrought up to a pitch of delicious excitement by the discussion which these letters are provoking.

"Is a man justified in asking a woman to marry him when he doesn't know whether he can pay her rent or not?"

The young gentlemen seem to think he is not. They have a great deal to say about "noble sacrifice" and "standing between love and duty."

The young ladies are unanimously in favor of justifying the rash man in the hypothetical case.

I side with the girls. Why not? A girl isn't driven by any law or by any doctor of laws to say "yes" to the rent idea. Do let her have a chance to be noble and disinterested, too.

It isn't fair to make a girl sit and wait while a man goes glooming around "giving her up." She ought to have an opportunity to do a little "giving up" herself.

If a man hesitates between his best girl and his cigarette money he ought to say something to the girl about it.

Ten to one she'll think of her chewing gum allowance and fall in with the "'tis better thus" view of the case with an alacrity that will make his head swim. It's really selfish to go around being blighted, all by yourself, that way.

Give the girls a chance, I say.

Postmaster Van Cott thinks it would be wicked to hang Mrs. Place.

He says that capital punishment is wrong, as it punishes people for "impulsive acts which they probably regret all their lives, anyway."

If Mr. Van Cott could only give a gentle twist to the great laws of the universe what a world of delight this would be!

The baby who puts his chubby hand into the fire is doing an "impulsive act," for which no one holds him seriously responsible—but the fire doesn't care a whit of air about that. It burns just the same.

Women in the smart set are making pin money taking photographs of each other.

The women who take the pictures say "it's really easy, don't you know—none of your friends will refuse when they know they can help you by sitting for you"—and they victimize all their generous friends and manage to keep up appearances and keep out of the unpardonable vulgarity of working honestly for an honest living that asks favors of no one.

Great is the logic of "good form."

WINIFRED BLACK.

## TWO BOOKS OF TIMELY INTEREST.

### Cuba at a Glance.

Miss Emma Kaufman and Miss Anne O'Hagan have taken pity on those newspaper readers who wish to know something about the country and the people that our men are fighting about, but do not care to plunge into laborious research. They have produced a book on "Cuba at a Glance," touching in the briefest and lightest way on the things needed to enable the general reader to follow his war news with intelligence. There is a flying sketch of Cuban history, a description of Cuban geography, government and politics, an account of the various insurrections, of the prominent actors in them on both sides, and of the atrocities to which they have given rise, and an epitome of the early and late American grievances against Spain. The book contains a large scale map of Cuba and Porto Rico, with a smaller one of the Philippines, and it has an introduction by T. Estrada Palma, President of the Cuban Junta.

Miss O'Hagan and Miss Kaufman have rendered a service to the reading public. In modern life there is no opportunity for the ordinary citizen to take more than a glance at anything, and one who has read "Cuba at a Glance" will know much more about the causes of the war and the region in which it is carried on than is known by most people, including some college professors.

### With Dewey at Manila.

It is to be hoped that the future historian will not get hold of Mr. Thomas J. Vivian's book, "With Dewey at Manila," without some warning of its nature. If he does he will assuredly fall into the trap so cleverly set by the author and cite the work as a valuable original source of information. And after all no great harm will be done if he does, for Mr. Vivian's narrative is historically correct, although framed in a fiction. It is of the order of Defoe's "History of the Plague in London," but it sticks more scrupulously to literal fact than its famous prototype did. It purports to be "the plain story of the glorious victory of the United States squadron over the Spanish fleet Sunday morning, May 1, 1898, as related in the notes and correspondence of an officer on board the flagship Olympia."

Mr. Vivian has carefully studied all the published accounts of the battle, and from them he has extracted a clear, consecutive and graphic story of its progress, the whole set in a framework of topographical and other description. He adheres so closely to the facts that his account is just as good for historical reference as if it were in the ordinary form. It condenses into a hundred pages of large type the sifted substance of thousands of discursive newspaper columns and will serve admirably to carry us along until the naval experts and the scientific historians get to work.

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.